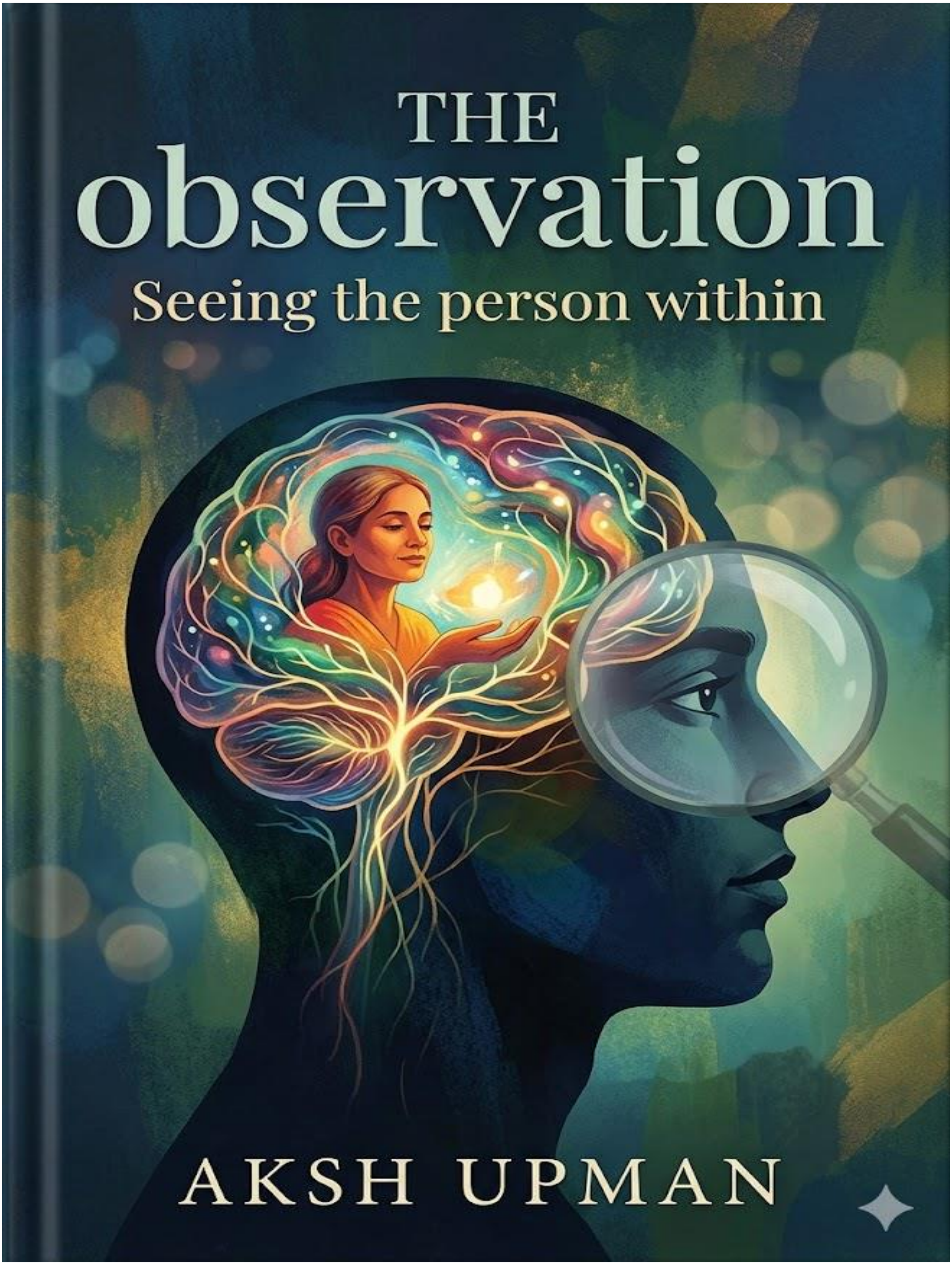
THE
observation
Seeing the person within
AKSH UPMAN

About the Book

Hum aksar logon ko unke chehre, unki baaton, unki safalta, ya unki pehchaan se samajhne ki koshish karte hain.

Lekin kya ek insaan waqai utna hi hota hai jitna woh dikhai deta hai?

THE OBSERVATION: Seeing the Person Within ek aisi yatra hai jo insaan ke bahari roop se aage badhkar uske vyaktitva, uski soch, uske darr, uski khamoshi aur uske sangharsh ko samajhne ki koshish karti hai.

Yeh kitab psychology ki kitab nahi hai.

Yeh philosophy ki kitab bhi nahi hai.

Yeh ek observer ki observations ka sangrah hai.

Ismein aap un logon se milenge jo khamosh hain, jo masks pehente hain, jo asafalta se badle hain, jo akelapan se guzre hain, aur jo khud ko samajhne ki koshish kar rahe hain.

Lekin yeh kitab sirf unke baare mein nahi hai.

Ho sakta hai is safar mein aap kahin na kahin khud ko bhi dekh lein.

Kyuki har insaan ke andar ek aisa vyaktitva chhupa hota hai jo pehli nazar mein dikhai nahi deta.

Aur shayad observation ka asli uddeshya bhi yahi hai—

Logon ko dekhna nahi,

Unke andar ke vyakti ko samajhna.

Welcome to the observation.

Welcome to the journey of seeing the person within.

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Chapter 1

The Observer

"Is duniya mein logon ko samajhne ke liye kisi aadmi ko nahi dekhna hota, usmein chhupe vyaktitva ko pehchanna hota hai."

Hum aksar logon ko unke chehre, kapdon, status, ya unki baaton se pehchaanne ki koshish karte hain. Lekin kya ek insaan waqai utna hi hota hai jitna woh dikhata hai?

Mera maanna hai ki nahi.

Ek insaan ki asli pehchaan uske chehre mein nahi, balki uski soch, uske darr, uske faislon, aur uske vyavahaar ke peeche chhupe vyaktitva mein hoti hai.

History mein bhi kai logon ko pehli nazar mein samajhna mushkil tha.

Albert Einstein ko dekhkar shayad koi na kahe ki yeh vyakti duniya ki physics ko badal dega. Lekin unki curiosity aur soch ne unhe alag banaya.

Isaac Newton ko aksar ek mahan scientist ke roop mein yaad kiya jata hai, lekin unke vyaktitva mein gahri ekant-priyata aur asadharan kendrit soch bhi thi.

Nikola Tesla ko kai log ajeeb samajhte the. Lekin unki kalpana-shakti aur soch ne unhe apne samay se bahut aage pahucha diya.

Yeh sirf scientists ki baat nahi hai.

Kabhi-kabhi sabse zyada hasne wala vyakti andar se sabse zyada sangharsh kar raha hota hai.

Kabhi sabse shaant vyakti ke andar sabse zyada vichaar chal rahe hote hain.

Aur kabhi jis vyakti ko duniya kamzor samajhti hai, wahi sabse zyada majboot nikalta hai.

Isi liye observation ka matlab sirf dekhna nahi hota.

Observation ka matlab hota hai—
baaton ke peeche ki soch ko dekhna,
vyavahaar ke peeche ki wajah ko samajhna,
aur chehre ke peeche chhupe vyaktitva ko pehchanna.

Main logon ko observe karta hoon.

Unki safalta ko nahi.
Unki asafalta ko nahi.
Unki pehchaan ko nahi.

Main observe karta hoon us insaan ko jo in sabke peeche chhupa hua hai.

Aur shayad isi safar ne mujhe yeh sikhaya hai ki har insaan ek kitab ki tarah hai.

Kuch log uska cover dekhkar faisla kar lete hain.

Main uske panne padhne ki koshish karta hoon.

Aur agar aap is kitab se kuch seekhna chahte hain, to sabse pehla sabak yeh hai:

Logon ko dekhna band kijiye, unhe samajhna shuru kijiye.

Har vyakti ko uske chehre, kapdon, status, ya pehli mulaqat se mat aankiye.

Uski soch ko samajhne ki koshish kijiye.
Uske sangharsh ko samajhne ki koshish kijiye.
Uske faislon ke peeche ki wajah ko samajhne ki koshish kijiye.

Kyuki jab aap logon ke vyavahaar ke peeche chhupe vyaktitva ko dekhna seekh jaate hain, tab aap sirf logon ko nahi samajhte—

Aap insaani fitrat ko samajhna shuru kar dete hain.

Aur shayad isi safar mein, ek din aap khud ko bhi samajhne lagte hain.

Chapter 2

The Mask Everyone Wears

"Log jaisa dikhte hain, waise hamesha hote nahi."

Maine observe kiya hai ki log badalte hain.

Kabhi kuch dino mein.
Kabhi kuch saalon mein.
Aur kabhi sirf ek situation unka bilkul alag roop dikha deti hai.

Jab maine logon ko samay ke saath badalte dekha, tab mujhe ehsaas hua ki har insaan apna poora vyaktitva duniya ko nahi dikhata.

Kuch log mazboot dikhna chahte hain.

Kuch log khush dikhna chahte hain.

Kuch log apni kamzori chhupana chahte hain.

Aur kuch log khud ko usse behtar dikhana chahte hain jitna woh andar se mehsoos karte hain.

Log ise mask keh sakte hain.

Main ise insaan ki suraksha kehta hoon.

Mere hisaab se duniya mein koi ek common mask nahi hai.

Kyuki duniya mein koi ek tarah ka insaan nahi hai.

Har vyakti alag hai.
Har vyakti ka darr alag hai.
Aur har vyakti ka mask bhi alag hai.

Kuch log zyada bolkar khud ko chhupate hain.

Kuch log chup rehkar.

Lekin agar mujhe chunna ho, to main kahunga ki shaant log zyada chhupate hain.

Unki khamoshi mein aksar woh baatein hoti hain jo duniya kabhi sun nahi paati.

Mujhe lagta hai ki koi insaan itne lambe samay tak mask pehen sakta hai ki woh uski aadat ban jaaye.

Lekin ek baat maine aur observe ki hai.

Jitna zyada insaan mask par nirbhar karta hai, utna hi andar se kamzor hota jaata hai.

Kyuki usse darr rehta hai ki kahin duniya uska asli roop na dekh le.

Lekin har mask ki ek seema hoti hai.

Aur maine dekha hai ki insaan ka mask sabse jaldi tab toot ta hai jab woh dara hua ya ghabraya hua hota hai.

Darr insaan ko uska rehearsal bhula deta hai.

Ghabrahat usse woh bana deti hai jo woh asal mein hai.

Us samay na uski image kaam aati hai.
Na uska status.
Na uski acting.

Sirf uska vyaktitva saamne aata hai.

Mera maanna hai ki har insaan ke andar ek aisa pehlu hota hai jo duniya kabhi poori tarah nahi dekh paati.

Shayad hum sab apne andar ka kuch hissa sirf khud ke liye bacha kar rakhte hain.

Aur shayad isi mein insaan ki khoobsurti bhi hai.

Log aksar galtiyon ki baat karte hain.

Lekin mujhe lagta hai ki har insaan apne hisaab se sahi hota hai.

Woh wahi karta hai jo usse us samay sahi lagta hai.

Isliye observation ka matlab logon ko judge karna nahi hai.

Observation ka matlab hai samajhna ki kisi vyakti ne woh mask pehna hi kyun.

Kyuki jab aap mask ke peeche ki wajah samajh jaate hain,

tab aap insaan ko dekhna shuru kar dete hain.

Aur wahi se asli observation shuru hoti hai.

Conclusion

Is chapter ko likhne ke baad main ek hi baat par pahucha hoon—

Har insaan koi na koi mask pehenta hai.

Kuch log duniya se bachne ke liye.
Kuch log khud se bachne ke liye.

Lekin maine yeh bhi dekha hai ki mask kabhi bhi insaan nahi hota.

Woh sirf ek parat hoti hai.

Asli insaan uske neeche hota hai.

Aur shayad isi liye observation ka pehla niyam hai:

Kisi vyakti ko uske mask se mat pehchano.

Uske darr ko samjho.
Uski khamoshi ko samjho.
Uski majbooriyon ko samjho.

Kyuki aksar log jhoothe nahi hote,
woh sirf surakshit rehna chahte hain.

Aur jab aap mask ke peeche chhupe vyaktitva ko dekhna seekh jaate hain,

tab aap logon ko dekhna nahi,
unhe samajhna shuru kar dete hain.

Chapter 3

The Silent Ones

"Sabse zyada shor aksar khamoshi ke andar hota hai."

Duniya mein do tarah ke log mujhe hamesha interesting lage hain.

Ek woh jo bahut bolte hain.

Aur doosre woh jo bahut kam bolte hain.

Lekin samay ke saath meri nazar baar-baar un logon par jaakar ruk gayi jo shaant rehte the.

Maine dekha ki kuch log apni 80 ya 90 pratishat baatein apne andar hi rakhte hain.

Woh apne vichaar sabke saamne nahi rakhte.

Woh apni har bhavna vyakt nahi karte.

Aur shayad isi wajah se unhe samajhna mushkil ho jaata hai.

Log aksar sochte hain ki jo kam bolta hai, uske paas kehne ko kam hoga.

Mera maanna hai ki kai baar sach iska ulta hota hai.

Shaant log kam nahi bolte.

Woh zyada sochte hain.

Unke dimag mein aksar woh baatein chal rahi hoti hain jo kabhi shabdon tak pahunch hi nahi paati.

Isi liye maine khamoshi ko kabhi khaali jagah nahi maana.

Maine use ek aisi jagah maana hai jahan vichaar janm lete hain.

Lekin duniya aksar shaant logon ko galat samajh leti hai.

Kuch log unhe kamzor samajhte hain.

Kuch log unhe samajik roop se alag samajhte hain.

Kuch log sochte hain ki unmein atmavishwas ki kami hai.

Lekin maine kai baar iska vipreet dekha hai.

Maine dekha hai ki kuch shaant log logon ko bahut gahrai se samajhte hain.

Woh sunte zyada hain aur bolte kam.

Aur jo vyakti sunna seekh leta hai, uske paas samajhne ki shakti bhi badh jaati hai.

Mere liye kisi shaant insaan ko samajhne ka sabse achha tareeka hai uski baaton ko dhyan se sunna.

Woh kya bolta hai, yeh mahatvapurn hai.

Lekin woh kya nahi bolta, yeh kai baar usse bhi zyada mahatvapurn hota hai.

Maine ek aur baat observe ki hai.

Khamoshi jhooth nahi bolti.

Insaan bolkar jhooth bol sakta hai.

Chehra bhi kai baar sach chhupa sakta hai.

Lekin khamoshi aksar wahi dikhati hai jo shabdon ke peeche chal raha hota hai.

Kabhi-kabhi log sochte hain ki khamosh log chup hote hain.

Mujhe lagta hai ki kai baar woh chup nahi hote.

Woh apne dimag ko chala rahe hote hain.

Woh observe kar rahe hote hain.

Woh samajh rahe hote hain.

Woh jod rahe hote hain un baaton ko jin par baaki log dhyan hi nahi dete.

Lekin ek baat aur maine seekhi hai.

Logon ko samajhne ki taqat sirf khamoshi mein nahi hoti.

Sirf bolne mein bhi nahi hoti.

Agar ek shaant aur ek bahut bolne wala vyakti ek hi kamre mein baithe hon, to logon ko sabse zyada wahi samjhega jo unhe observe kar raha hai.

Kyuki logon ko samajhne ki taqat awaaz mein nahi, observation mein hoti hai.

Conclusion

Maine khamosh logon se ek baat seekhi hai—

Har woh insaan jo kam bolta hai, uske paas kam kehne ko nahi hota.

Kabhi-kabhi uske paas itna kuch hota hai ki shabdon ki jagah khamoshi chun leta hai.

Aur shayad isi liye, jab bhi main kisi shaant vyakti se milta hoon, main uski khamoshi ko nazarandaz nahi karta.

Kyuki kai baar sabse gehri baatein wahi hoti hain jo kabhi kahi hi nahi jaati.

Chapter 4

The Language Beyond Words

"Insaan ki zubaan jhooth bol sakti hai, lekin uska darr nahi."

Bachpan se hume sikhaya jaata hai ki logon ki baatein suno.

Lekin maine dheere-dheere yeh seekha ki log sirf apni zubaan se nahi bolte.

Kai baar unki aankhen bolti hain.

Kai baar unki khamoshi bolti hai.

Kai baar unka darr bolta hai.

Aur kai baar unke aansu woh sach bata dete hain jo shabd kabhi nahi bata paate.

Jab main kisi naye insaan se milta hoon, to main sirf uski baatein nahi sunta.

Main uski nazron ko dekhta hoon.

Uske dekhne ka tareeka.

Uski palkein kitni baar jhapakti hain.

Uski aankhon mein thaharav hai ya bechaini.

Kyuki maine mehsoos kiya hai ki aankhen aksar woh dekh leti hain jo zubaan bol nahi paati.

Log apne shabdon ko sambhal sakte hain.

Lekin apni nazron ko hamesha nahi.

Main logon ke kapde bhi notice karta hoon.

Isliye nahi ki kapde insaan ki keemat tay karte hain.

Balki isliye kyunki kai baar woh uske vyaktitva ki ek jhalak dete hain.

Fashion mere liye sirf kapde nahi hain.

Woh ek tareeka hai jisse log khud ko duniya ke saamne pesh karte hain.

Lekin maine yeh bhi dekha hai ki vyaktitva sirf kapdon mein nahi hota.

Asli vyaktitva mushkil waqt mein saamne aata hai.

Maine observe kiya hai ki gusse mein insaan aksar woh bol deta hai jo woh shaant rehkar chhupa leta hai.

Khaaskar woh log jo aam taur par bahut shaant rehte hain.

Unke shabd kam hote hain, lekin jab unka sabr toot ta hai, to unki sachchai bahar aa jaati hai.

Aur phir aati hai muskaan.

Duniya muskaan ko khushi samajhti hai.

Main hamesha aisa nahi maanta.

Kai baar maine dekha hai ki sabse zyada hasne wale log sabse zyada akelapan chhupa rahe hote hain.

Unki muskaan duniya ke liye hoti hai.

Unki tanhaai unke liye.

Lekin in sab observations ke baad bhi, agar mujhe kisi insaan ko samajhne ke liye sirf ek cheez chunni pade, to main uske aansu chununga.

Kyuki maine dekha hai ki insaan sabse kam jhooth tab bolta hai jab woh toot raha hota hai.

Jab ek vyakti rota hai, to uske mask kamzor pad jaate hain.

Uski image maayne nahi rakhti.

Uska status maayne nahi rakhta.

Sirf uska sach bachta hai.

Aur shayad isi liye, aansu mujhe insaan ki sabse imaandaar bhasha lagte hain.

Conclusion

Maine logon ki baatein suni hain.

Maine unki aankhen dekhi hain.

Maine unki khamoshi ko mehsoos kiya hai.

Lekin maine yeh seekha hai ki insaan ko samajhne ke liye sirf uske shabdon ko sunna kaafi nahi.

Uske darr ko samajhna padta hai.

Uske gusse ko dekhna padta hai.

Uski muskaan ke peeche ki tanhaai ko mehsoos karna padta hai.

Aur kabhi-kabhi uske aansuon ko bhi.

Kyuki insaan ki sabse badi sachchai uski taqat mein nahi,

balki us pal mein chhupi hoti hai jab woh apne sabse kamzor roop mein hota hai.

Chapter 5

The Power of Failure

"Kisi bhi insaan ki life ko uska failure shape karta hai."

Duniya success ko celebrate karti hai.

Log achievements dekhte hain.

Results dekhte hain.

Jeet dekhte hain.

Lekin kisi bhi insaan ki asli kahani aksar uski jeet mein nahi, uski haar mein chhupi hoti hai.

Success insaan ko bata sakti hai ki woh kya kar sakta hai.

Failure usse batata hai ki woh asal mein kaun hai.

Jab sab kuch insaan ke paksh mein hota hai, tab uska vyaktitva poori tarah saamne nahi aata.

Lekin jab zindagi uske viruddh khadi hoti hai, tab uska dhairya, uska charitra aur uski soch dikhai dene lagti hai.

Isi liye insaan ki pehchaan us waqt nahi hoti jab sab kuch uske paksh mein ho.

Uski pehchaan tab hoti hai jab zindagi uske viruddh khadi ho.

Failure ek aaina hai.

Ek aisa aaina jo insaan ko uska woh roop dikhata hai jo aksar safalta chhupa leti hai.

Kuch log failure ke baad toot jaate hain.

Kuch log ruk jaate hain.

Aur kuch log badal jaate hain.

Lekin koi bhi bada failure insaan ko pehle jaisa nahi chhodta.

Har haar uske andar kuch todti hai.

Aur har haar uske andar kuch naya banati bhi hai.

Log aksar sirf result dekhte hain.

Woh yeh dekhte hain ki insaan jeeta ya haara.

Lekin woh us sangharsh ko nahi dekh paate jo us result tak pahunchne ke liye lada gaya tha.

Aur ismein unki koi galti bhi nahi hoti.

Kyuki duniya wahi dekh sakti hai jo uske saamne hota hai.

Asli ladai aksar andar chal rahi hoti hai.

Sabse kathin haar duniya se haarna nahi hoti.

Sabse kathin haar khud se haarna hoti hai.

Aur sabse badi jeet bhi duniya ko harana nahi hoti.

Sabse badi jeet khud ko dobara khada karna hoti hai.

Failure ki sabse badi taqat yahi hai.

Woh insaan ko uski seemaon tak le jaata hai.

Aur phir usse ek sawal poochta hai—

"Ab tum kya banoge?"

Isi sawal ka jawab har insaan alag tareeke se deta hai.

Aur shayad isi jawab mein uska bhavishya chhupa hota hai.

Conclusion

Failure dushman nahi hai.

Woh ek kathor teacher hai.

Woh cheenta bhi hai aur sikhata bhi hai.

Woh todta bhi hai aur banata bhi hai.

Aur shayad isi liye—

Kuch log success se pehchaane jaate hain.

Lekin kuch log failure se nirmit hote hain.

Chapter 6

The Lonely Mind

"Akele rehna aur akela hona, dono alag cheezein hain."

Duniya aksar in dono ko ek hi samajh leti hai.

Lekin inke beech utna hi farq hai jitna khamoshi aur sannate mein hota hai.

Akele rehna ek sthiti hai.

Akela hona ek ehsaas.

Kuch log akele rehte hain kyunki unke paas koi nahi hota.

Aur kuch log akele rehna chunte hain kyunki woh kuch jaan-na, samajhna aur pehchanna chahte hain.

Mere hisaab se akelapan aur shanti mein bhi ek mahatvapurn antar hai.

Akelapan insaan ko apne purane vicharon mein le ja sakta hai.

Shanti usse naye vichar de sakti hai.

Isi liye har akela insaan shaant nahi hota.

Aur har shaant insaan akela nahi hota.

Log aksar sochte hain ki observer banne ke liye akela rehna zaroori hai.

Lekin observation sirf akelapan se nahi aati.

Logon se milna bhi utna hi zaroori hai.

Kyuki bina logon ke, observation nahi hoti.

Aur bina akelapan ke, manan nahi hota.

Observation duniya se milati hai.

Manan khud se.

Dono ka saath hi samajh paida karta hai.

Jab insaan akela hota hai, tab uske saamne duniya nahi hoti.

Uske saamne woh khud hota hai.

Uski soch.

Uske purane faisle.

Uske afsos.

Uske sawal.

Aur kai baar, uske jawab bhi.

Isi liye kai log akelapan se darte hain.

Kyuki akelapan mein insaan doosron se nahi, khud se milta hai.

Aur khud se milna har baar aasaan nahi hota.

Maine dekha hai ki kuch log bheed ke beech bhi akele hote hain.

Unke aas-paas log hote hain.

Baatein hoti hain.

Rishtedaar hote hain.

Dost hote hain.

Lekin phir bhi unke andar ek khaali jagah hoti hai.

Kyuki asli akelapan bahar nahi hota.

Asli akelapan andar hota hai.

Sabse zyada akela insaan woh nahi hota jo ek kamre mein akela baitha ho.

Sabse zyada akela insaan woh hota hai jo andar se akela ho.

Akelapan insaan ko kamzor bhi bana sakta hai aur majboot bhi.

Agar use bhavnaon se dekha jaaye, to woh dard de sakta hai.

Lekin agar use samajh aur tark se dekha jaaye, to wahi akelapan insaan ko mazboot bana sakta hai.

Kyuki wahi samay hota hai jab insaan bina kisi shor ke soch sakta hai.

Bina kisi prabhav ke faisle kar sakta hai.

Aur bina kisi darshan ke khud ko dekh sakta hai.

Mujhe lagta hai ki har insaan ko kabhi na kabhi akela rehna chahiye.

Duniya ko samajhne ke liye nahi.

Khud ko samajhne ke liye.

Kyuki jo vyakti khud ko nahi jaanta, uske liye duniya ko samajhna bhi adhura reh jaata hai.

Conclusion

Akelapan dushman nahi hai.

Woh ek darpan hai.

Kuch log usse dekhkar bhaag jaate hain.

Kuch log usse dekhkar toot jaate hain.

Aur kuch log usse dekhkar khud ko pehchan lete hain.

Shayad isi liye—

Akelapan se bhaagne wale log aksar sabse zyada akele hote hain.

Aur jo uska saamna kar lete hain,

woh dheere-dheere khud ko samajhne lagte hain.

Kyuki kabhi-kabhi sabse gehri baatcheet kisi aur se nahi,

khud se hoti hai.

Chapter 7

The Search for Validation

"Jis din insaan ko apni value samajh aa jaati hai, us din use kisi validation ya respect ki zaroorat nahi hoti."

Har insaan chahta hai ki use samjha jaaye.

Use maana jaaye.

Use saraha jaaye.

Aur shayad isi ichchha se validation ki shuruaat hoti hai.

Validation ek buri cheez nahi hai.

Jab koi insaan hamari tareef karta hai, to achha lagta hai.

Chahe hume pata hi kyun na ho ki uski baat poori tarah sach nahi hai.

Phir bhi achha lagta hai.

Kyuki har insaan apne astitva ki pushti chahta hai.

Lekin yahi validation kab zaroorat se aadat ban jaati hai, kai log samajh nahi paate.

Maine observe kiya hai ki jo log andar se kamzor hote hain, woh approval zyada dhoondhte hain.

Approval unka bojh halka kar deta hai.

Kuch samay ke liye unhe lagta hai ki woh sahi hain.

Ki woh kaafi hain.

Lekin samasya tab shuru hoti hai jab insaan apni keemat doosron ki nazron se naapna shuru kar deta hai.

Us din uski khushi bhi doosron ke haath mein chali jaati hai.

Aur uska dukh bhi.

Validation aur respect ko aksar ek hi samjha jaata hai.

Lekin dono alag hain.

Validation insaan ko sahara deti hai.

Respect usse pehchaan deti hai.

Lekin jab respect se ahankar paida ho jaaye, tab woh ek bojh ban sakti hai.

Aur phir bhi, kuch had tak ahankar bhi zaroori hai.

Kyuki bina swayam-sammaan ke insaan apni raksha nahi kar sakta.

Maine yeh bhi dekha hai ki validation sirf ek cheez tak seemit nahi hoti.

Log apne roop ke liye validation chahte hain.

Apni buddhi ke liye.

Apne paison ke liye.

Apni safalta ke liye.

Apni lokpriyata ke liye.

Lekin validation ka roop chahe jo bhi ho, uska mool ek hi hota hai—

Apni value ko bahar dhoondhna.

Aur shayad isi liye validation ki bhook kabhi poori nahi hoti.

Kyuki bahar ki awaazein kabhi sthir nahi hoti.

Aaj tareef milegi.

Kal alochana.

Aaj sweekriti milegi.

Kal asweekriti.

Agar insaan apni pehchaan un par banaega, to woh kabhi sthir nahi reh payega.

Asli badlav tab aata hai jab insaan apni zaroorat samajhta hai.

Jab woh samajhta hai ki use kya banna hai.

Kyun banna hai.

Aur kisliye banna hai.

Uske baad validation ek bonus ban jaati hai.

Zaroorat nahi.

Conclusion

Validation achhi lagti hai.

Lekin validation par nirbhar rehna khatarnak hai.

Kyuki jis din insaan apni keemat ko samajh leta hai,

us din duniya ki tareef use upar nahi uthati,

aur duniya ki alochana use neeche nahi giraati.

Shayad isi liye sabse azaad insaan woh nahi hota jise sab pasand karte hain.

Sabse azaad insaan woh hota hai jise khud ki nazron mein apni jagah mil chuki hoti hai.

Chapter 9

The Illusion of Control

"Insaan apni koshish ka malik hai, lekin usse milne wale parinaam ka nahi."

Insaan ko control pasand hai.

Woh apni zindagi ko samajhna chahta hai.

Use lagta hai ki agar woh sab kuch sahi karega, to sab kuch sahi hoga.

Agar woh mehnat karega, to safal hoga.

Agar woh sahi faisle lega, to galtiyan nahi hongi.

Lekin zindagi aksar itni seedhi nahi hoti.

Isi liye control ek had tak sach hai.

Aur ek had tak bhram.

Kai log kehte hain ki destiny pehle se likhi hoti hai.

Kai log kehte hain ki insaan apni destiny khud likhta hai.

Shayad sach in dono ke beech kahin hai.

Kyuki agar sab kuch pehle se likha hota, to karmon ka koi arth nahi hota.

Aur agar sab kuch sirf karmon se tay hota, to duniya mein har mehnati vyakti ko ek jaisa parinaam milta.

Lekin aisa nahi hota.

Zindagi mein sirf ek vyakti nahi hota.

Uske aas-paas log hote hain.

Parivar hota hai.

Samaj hota hai.

Paristhitiyan hoti hain.

Aur in sabka prabhav uske jeevan par padta hai.

Insaan swatantra hai.

Lekin poori tarah nahi.

Har vyakti apne faisle leta hai.

Lekin un faislon ko prabhavit karne wale kai karan hote hain.

Isi liye yeh kehna ki sab kuch hamare control mein hai, utna hi galat hai jitna yeh kehna ki kuch bhi hamare control mein nahi hai.

Maine ek aur baat observe ki hai.

Log soch ko bahut mahatva dete hain.

Lekin sirf soch kabhi parinaam nahi badalti.

Asli mahatva execution ka hai.

Duniya mein anek log achhi soch rakhte hain.

Anek log bade sapne dekhte hain.

Lekin sapne aur vastavikta ke beech jo pul hai, uska naam action hai.

Insaan ka sabse bada control shayad isi par hota hai.

Woh kya karta hai.

Kaise karta hai.

Aur kitni lagataar koshish karta hai.

Lekin phir bhi, action ke baad outcome uske haath mein nahi rehta.

Do log ek hi lakshya ke liye mehnat kar sakte hain.

Phir bhi unke parinaam alag ho sakte hain.

Kyuki har insaan ki soch alag hai.

Uska tareeka alag hai.

Uski paristhiti alag hai.

Aur kai baar, samay bhi alag hota hai.

Isi liye ek hi formula har vyakti par lagu nahi hota.

Jeevan ganit ka prashn nahi hai.

Jahan ek hi formula har baar sahi uttar de.

Jeevan adhik jatil hai.

Aur shayad isi liye adhik rochak bhi.

Anischitata ko log aksar dushman samajhte hain.

Lekin agar jeevan poori tarah nishchit hota, to usmein utsukta nahi hoti.

Na khoj hoti.

Na aasha hoti.

Na prayas ka mahatva hota.

Anischitata hi insaan ko aage badhne ke liye prerit karti hai.

Wahi use naye raste dhoondhne par majboor karti hai.

Wahi use har baar dobara koshish karne ka karan deti hai.

Conclusion

Shayad insaan kabhi bhi apni poori zindagi ko control nahi kar sakta.

Aur shayad use karna bhi nahi chahiye.

Kyuki jeevan ka sundar hissa uski anischitata mein hi chhupa hai.

Insaan ka kaam har parinaam ko control karna nahi hai.

Uska kaam apne karmon ko control karna hai.

Apni soch ko sudharna hai.

Apni koshish ko imaandaar banana hai.

Baaki jo hoga, woh jeevan ka hissa hoga.

Aur shayad isi liye—

Insaan apni koshish ka malik hai,

lekin usse milne wale parinaam ka nahi.

Chapter 10

The Human Paradox

"Insaan ek paheli nahi hai kyunki woh jatil hai; woh paheli hai kyunki woh ek hi samay mein vipreet cheezon ka sangrah hai."

Jab log kisi insaan ko samajhne ki koshish karte hain, to woh aksar uske liye ek shabd dhoondhne lagte hain.

Achha.

Bura.

Logical.

Emotional.

Majboot.

Kamzor.

Lekin kya ek insaan ko sach mein ek hi shabd mein samjha ja sakta hai?

Mera maanna hai ki nahi.

Kyuki insaan kabhi bhi sirf ek cheez nahi hota.

Woh ek hi samay mein kai cheezein hota hai.

Ek vyakti logical bhi ho sakta hai aur emotional bhi.

Dono ek doosre ke vipreet lagte hain.

Lekin vastav mein dono ek hi vyakti ke andar saath reh sakte hain.

Farq sirf itna hai ki woh unke beech santulan bana pata hai ya nahi.

Isi tarah ek vyakti bahar se majboot dikh sakta hai aur andar se kamzor bhi ho sakta hai.

Kyuki duniya aksar wahi dekhti hai jo usse dikhaya jaata hai.

Har insaan apne kuch pehlu duniya ke saamne rakhta hai.

Aur kuch apne andar sambhal kar rakhta hai.

Iska matlab yeh nahi ki woh jhootha hai.

Iska matlab sirf itna hai ki har insaan ke kai roop hote hain.

Maine yeh bhi dekha hai ki ek hi insaan alag-alag logon ke saamne alag ho sakta hai.

Ek dost ke saamne woh khulkar baat karta hai.

Ek parivar ke sadasya ke saamne alag hota hai.

Aur kisi ajnabi ke saamne alag.

Lekin iska matlab yeh nahi ki woh fake hai.

Har rishta insaan ke vyaktitva ka ek alag pehlu bahar laata hai.

Isi liye kisi vyakti ko sirf ek paristhiti mein dekhkar uska poora faisla kar lena galat ho sakta hai.

Ek aur baat jo mujhe hamesha rochak lagti hai—

Insaan kabhi ek jagah nahi rukta.

Uski soch badalti hai.

Uske vichaar badalte hain.

Uske lakshya badalte hain.

Aur kai baar uski pehchaan bhi badal jaati hai.

Isi liye insaan ko samajhna mushkil isliye nahi hai kyunki woh badalta hai.

Insaan ko samajhna mushkil isliye hai kyunki uska badlav pehchanna mushkil hai.

Jab tak kisi ko lagta hai ki usne kisi vyakti ko samajh liya hai,

tab tak shayad woh vyakti pehle hi kuch badal chuka hota hai.

Isi liye observation ek baar ka kaam nahi hai.

Woh ek lagataar prakriya hai.

Aur shayad isi liye har insaan ek chalti hui kahani ki tarah hai.

Jiska antim adhyay tab tak nahi likha ja sakta jab tak uski kahani samaapt na ho.

Lekin ek sawal phir bhi reh jaata hai.

Kya koi insaan poori tarah achha ya poori tarah bura hota hai?

Mujhe aisa nahi lagta.

Kyuki har insaan apne nature, apne anubhavon aur apni paristhitiyon ka parinaam hota hai.

Jise duniya bura kehti hai,

shayad uske paas bhi apni wajah hoti hai.

Aur jise duniya achha kehti hai,

uske andar bhi kamiyan hoti hain.

Observation ka uddeshya kisi ko sahi ya galat sabit karna nahi hai.

Observation ka uddeshya usse samajhna hai.

Conclusion

Insaan vipreet gunon ka sangrah hai.

Woh logical bhi hai aur emotional bhi.

Majboot bhi hai aur kamzor bhi.

Badalta bhi hai aur apne kuch hisson ko sambhal kar bhi rakhta hai.

Isi liye kisi bhi insaan ko ek shabd mein samajhna lagbhag asambhav hai.

Jitna adhik kisi vyakti ko samjha jaata hai,

utna hi kam usse judge kiya jaata hai.

Aur shayad observation ka asli uddeshya bhi yahi hai—

Faisla karna nahi,

samajhna.

Chapter 11

The Person I Observe

"Har insaan ek kahani hai. Kuch kahaniyan padhi ja sakti hain, kuch sirf mehsoos ki ja sakti hain."

Is kitab ki shuruaat observation se hui thi.

Logon ko dekhne se.

Unki baaton ko samajhne se.

Unki khamoshi ko sunne se.

Unke masks, unke darr, unki asafaltaon aur unke akelapan ko pehchanne se.

Lekin itni observations ke baad bhi ek sawal baaki reh gaya.

Sabse rochak vyakti kaun hai?

Kis insaan ko samajhna sabse mushkil hai?

Kis insaan ke baare mein jitna jaana jaaye, utne hi naye sawal paida hote hain?

Pehle lagta tha ki jawab kisi khaas vyakti mein milega.

Kisi mahan insaan mein.

Kisi scientist mein.

Kisi philosopher mein.

Ya shayad kisi aise vyakti mein jo duniya se alag ho.

Lekin dheere-dheere ek baat samajh aayi.

Sabse rochak vyakti woh nahi hota jo duniya ko badal de.

Sabse rochak vyakti woh hota hai jo insaan ho.

Ek aam insaan.

Kyuki har insaan ke andar ek alag duniya hoti hai.

Uske apne darr.

Apni umeedein.

Apne sapne.

Apni kahani.

Aur apni ladai.

Kuch log apni kahani suna dete hain.

Kuch log use chhupa lete hain.

Lekin kahani har kisi ke paas hoti hai.

Observation ne ek baat sikhayi hai.

Jitna kisi insaan ko samjho,

utna hi ehsaas hota hai ki abhi bahut kuch baaki hai.

Jitna kisi vyakti ke kareeb jao,

utna hi uske andar naye pehlu dikhne lagte hain.

Aur shayad isi liye kisi bhi insaan ka final conclusion sambhav nahi.

Kyuki insaan sthir nahi hai.

Woh badalta hai.

Seekhta hai.

Tootta hai.

Banta hai.

Aur phir dobara badal jaata hai.

Shayad isi liye observation kabhi samaapt nahi hoti.

Har jawab ke baad ek naya sawal milta hai.

Har conclusion ke baad ek naya drishtikon.

Aur har insaan ke baad ek naya insaan.

Aaj agar poocha jaaye ki sabse rochak vyakti kaun hai,

to shayad jawab bahut saral hoga.

Woh vyakti koi ek nahi hai.

Woh har vyakti hai.

Kyuki har insaan ke andar kuch aisa hai jo pehli nazar mein dikhai nahi deta.

Aur shayad wahi uski sabse badi sachchai hoti hai.

Final Conclusion

Is kitab ka uddeshya logon ka faisla karna nahi tha.

Unhe samajhne ki koshish karna tha.

Kyuki jitna adhik kisi insaan ko samjha jaata hai,

utna hi kam usse judge kiya jaata hai.

Aur shayad observation ka asli arth bhi yahi hai.

Dekhna nahi.

Samajhna.

Aur jitna maine observe kiya,

utna hi samjha ki insaan ko poori tarah samajhna sambhav nahi.

Isi liye—

Meri observations khatam ho sakti hain.

Lekin insaan ko samajhne ka safar kabhi nahi.

Chapter 12

The Observer: AKSH

"Har observation ke peeche ek observer hota hai."

Is kitab mein bahut logon ki baat hui.

Khamosh logon ki.

Mask pehne hue logon ki.

Asafalta se badle hue logon ki.

Akele logon ki.

Aur un logon ki jo khud ko samajhne ki koshish kar rahe hain.

Lekin ek sawal kabhi poocha nahi gaya.

Observer kaun hai?

Kaun hai jo itne samay se logon ko dekh raha hai?

Kaun hai jo chehron ke peeche chhupe vyaktitva ko samajhne ki koshish kar raha hai?

Shayad iska jawab kisi naam mein nahi hai.

AKSH ek vyakti ho sakta hai.

Lekin is kitab mein AKSH ek naam se zyada ek drishtikon hai.

Ek aisa drishtikon jo logon ko judge karne se pehle samajhne ki koshish karta hai.

Jo shabdon se zyada khamoshi ko sunta hai.

Jo safalta se zyada sangharsh ko dekhta hai.

Jo chehre se zyada vyaktitva ko dekhna chahta hai.

AKSH koi perfect observer nahi hai.

Kyuki perfect observation sambhav nahi.

Har observation mein observer ki soch bhi shamil hoti hai.

Har conclusion adhura hota hai.

Aur har jawab ke baad ek naya sawal paida hota hai.

Shayad isi liye AKSH kisi antim satya ka daawa nahi karta.

Woh sirf observe karta hai.

Samajhne ki koshish karta hai.

Aur phir apne conclusions ko bhi sawalon ke liye khula chhod deta hai.

Kyuki observation ka uddeshya satya ko pakadna nahi,

uske kareeb pahunchna hai.

A Note Before the Final Chapter

Agar is kitab ke kisi bhi hisse mein meri observation, meri soch, ya mere conclusions aapko galat lage hon, to uske liye main kshama chahta hoon..

Yeh sirf ek observer ki observations hain.

Ho sakta hai aap kuch baaton se sehmat hon.

Ho sakta hai aap bilkul asahmat hon.

Aur shayad observation ki khoobsurti bhi yahi hai.

Har vyakti ek hi cheez ko alag nazariye se dekh sakta hai.

Lekin is kitab ko padhne ke baad ek sawal mere man mein bhi reh jaata hai—

Aapne AKSH mein kya observe kiya?

Kya aapne ek observer dekha?

Ek soch dekhi?

Ek vyaktitva dekha?

Ya kuch aur?

Agar aap apni observations, vichaar ya feedback saanjha karna chahein, to mujhe Gmail ya anya madhyam se bhej sakte hain.

Shayad meri observations se zyada rochak, aapki observations hon.

Aur shayad isi tarah observation ka yeh safar is kitab ke baad bhi jaari rahe.

Ab agla aur antim chapter aapka hai.

Gmail. akshupman@gmail.com

AKSH UPMAN

Chapter 13

The Person We Observe

Aap shayad soch rahe honge ki itni observations ke baad bhi ek aur chapter kyon?

Aakhir masks, khamoshi, failure, akelapan, validation aur insaan ke vyaktitva ke baare mein itna kuch kehne ke baad bhi kya baaki reh gaya?

Shayad yahi sawal mujhe bhi is chapter tak le aaya.

Aksar log kehte hain—

"Pehle apne gireban mein jhankna chahiye."

Aur woh galat bhi nahi kehte.

Lekin maine is baat ko is kitab ke ant mein rakha hai.

Kyunki khud ko dekhna sabse pehla kadam nahi hota.

Khud ko dekhne se pehle dekhna seekhna padta hai.

Logon ko samajhna padta hai.

Unke darr.

Unki khamoshi.

Unke sangharsh.

Unke vyaktitva.

Aur phir ek din achanak ehsaas hota hai ki jin sawalon ko hum duniya se pooch rahe the, unmein se kai sawal hamare andar bhi maujood hain.

Is kitab mein maine bahut logon ki baat ki.

Lekin ek vyakti ki baat kabhi poori tarah nahi ki.

Woh vyakti jo har chapter mein maujood tha.

Har observation ke saath tha.

Har conclusion ke saath tha.

Aur woh vyakti tha...

Aap.

Haan, aap.

Kyuki is kitab ko padhte waqt aapne sirf logon ko observe nahi kiya.

Aapne kahin na kahin khud ko bhi observe kiya hai.

Shayad kisi chapter mein aapne apna mask dekha ho.

Shayad kisi chapter mein apni khamoshi.

Shayad apni asafalta.

Shayad apna akelapan.

Aur shayad kuch aise sawal bhi dekhe hon jinka jawab abhi tak nahi mila.

Isi liye is chapter ka baaki hissa main nahi likhunga.

Kyuki jis vyakti ki observation ab shuru hone wali hai, use sabse achha sirf ek hi vyakti likh sakta hai.

Aap.

Yahan se aage ke panne aapke hain.

Aapki observations.

Aapke sawal.

Aapke jawab.

Aur shayad...

Aapki kahani.

P.T.O

The page only for you ………………………………………………………………………………………….

P.T.O

About the Author

Me koi author nahi hoon.

Na hi psychologist, philosopher, ya motivational speaker.

Main bas ek aisa insaan hoon jise logon ko observe karna pasand hai.

Kabhi unki baaton ko, kabhi unki khamoshi ko, aur kabhi unki soch ko.

Is kitab mein jo kuch likha hai, woh kisi theory ya research se nahi aaya. Yeh un observations ka natija hai jo maine apni zindagi mein dekhe, mehsoos kiye, aur samajhne ki koshish ki.

Ho sakta hai meri baatein sahi na ho.
Ho sakta hai kal meri soch aaj se alag ho.

Lekin yeh kitab meri nazar se dekhi hui insaani fitrat ka ek sachcha pratibimb hai.

Aakhir mein, main sirf itna kehna chahta hoon—

I do not observe people; I observe the person within them.

— AKSH UPMAN
The Silent Observer

The Journey Continues...

Agar aapne yahan tak padha hai, to shayad aapne ek baat samajh li hogi—

Observation sirf dekhna nahi hota.

Yeh samajhne ki ek prakriya hai.

Lekin har observation ke baad ek naya sawal janm leta hai.

Aur har jawab ke baad ek nayi khoj.

Is kitab mein maine logon ko observe karne ki koshish ki.

Lekin ek samay ke baad mujhe ehsaas hua ki observation ki bhi seemaayein hain.

Kuch cheezein aankhon se nahi dekhi ja sakti.

Kuch sachchaiyan vyavahaar se nahi samjhi ja sakti.

Aur kuch sawalon ke jawab observation ke pare hote hain.

Shayad isi liye yeh safar yahin samaapt nahi hota.

Yeh bas ek naye safar ki shuruaat hai.

Coming Next

THE OBSERVATION

Beyond Observation

"When observation reaches its limit, understanding begins."

— AKSH UPMAN

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